

Hope Star

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Political Announcements

The Star is authorized to announce
the following as candidates subject
to the action of the Hempstead
County Democratic primary elec-
tion:

Sheriff & Collector
FRANK J. HILL
CLARENCE E. BAKER

County & Probate Clerk
LEO RAY

Tax Assessor
JOHN RIDGDILL
W. W. COMPTON
GEORGE F. DODDS

Representative (No. 1)
WILLIAM H. (BILL) ETTER
PAUL M. SIMMS

Representative (No. 2)
EMORY A. THOMPSON

Mind Your Manners

Test your knowledge of correct
social usage by answering the fol-
lowing questions, then checking
against the authoritative answers
below:

1. If you move into a new city and a hostess representing a number of the city's business firms comes to call, should you treat her as graciously as you would any caller?
 2. Would it be all right to ask her any questions you want to know about the city?
 3. If she gives you presents from the various merchants or a book of coupons which you can turn in for presents or credit should you thank her graciously?
 4. If no hostess calls on you but there is one in the city would it be all right for you to call her and ask for any information you would like about churches, stores, beauty shops, etc.?
 5. Should you feel you cannot invite the hostess in when she calls because you are not yet settled and the living room is cluttered with unhung pictures?
- What would you do if—
When you move to a new town a number of persons call on you—
(a) Return the calls promptly?
(b) Don't bother to return the calls if you think the place will not be your permanent home, or if you don't care about knowing a great many people?
- Answers
1. Yes.
2. Certainly.
3. Yes.
4. Yes.
5. No.
Better "What Would You Do?" solution—(a).
- Huge Job
"The Immaculate Conception," magnificent mosaic done after Murillo's painting, and now in the National Shrine at Washington, D. C. required the work of three artists for four years.
- Hitler at last rations potatoes. Got anything to do with French fries a la Laval?

Hold Everything

ARMY RECRUITING STATION

"I'd like to enlist in the high command!"

Classified

Ads must be in office day before publication

You can talk to only one man
Want Ads talk to Thousands
SELL, RENT, BUY OR SWAP

All Want Ads cash in advance. Not taken over the Phone

One time—2c word, minimum 30c Three times—3½c word, minimum 90c
Six times—5c word, minimum 75c One month—18c word, minimum \$2.70

Rates are for continuous insertions only

"THE MORE YOU TELL THE QUICKER YOU SELL"

For Sale

1000 ACRES OF HARDWOOD TIMBER in Little River county, Ark. See J. M. Hopson, Fulton, Ark. 14-4tp

For Rent

6 ROOM FURNISHED HOUSE. Apply Middlebrooks Gro. 19-3tc

Lost

LARGE GERMAN POLICE DOG. White tip on end of tail. Collar. Answers to "Shorty". Phone 834. 16-3tc

"M" SYSTEM STORE, GROCERY

stock and fixtures, center of business district, at Hope, Arkansas. Must sell at once. Preparing for military service, write or call, J. M. Stripling & Son, Prescott, Arkansas. 16-1tc

'41 G. M. C. TON AND ONE HALF

truck with large back-end only 21,000 miles. See Collier's Service Sta. 3rd and Laurel. Phone 303. 16-3tp

SMALL NEW HOUSE, ¼ ACRE

on Old Lewisville road, 1½ miles from Hope, on Rt. 1, just across track. See L. E. Dilbeck. 19-3tp

HOUSE AND LOT IN OAKLAWN

Addition. Cash. See Reece Cannon. 725 North Shover. 19-3tp

For Rent

ROOM AND BOARD FOR TWO men. Connecting bath. Mrs. S. R. Young, 403 W. Division, Phone 71. 18-3tp

FURNISHED APARTMENT WITH

private bath and electric refrigerator. 514 East Third. Phone 483-W. 18-3tc

TWO FURNISHED BEDROOMS.

Cool in summer. Mrs. Robert Campbell, 1520 S. Main St. Call 476. 18-3tp

CLOSE IN, LARGE 2-ROOM COM-

pletely furnished apartment. Front and back entrances. Automatic hot water tank. Mrs. Tom Carrel. 19-1t

BEDROOM WITH PRIVATE BATH

Mrs. Carl Smith. 319 N. Elm St. or City Cafe. 19-3tp

OUT OUR WAY

NOW DON'T SHRIEK AT ME LIKE THAT! I'LL TAKE IT OFF THERE SOON AS WE TALK IT OVER -- YOU CAN COME TO MUCH BETTER OF A UNDERSTANDIN' JUST SITTIN' DOWN TALKIN' THINGS OVER IN CHAIRS -- JUST SITTIN' IN CHAIRS.

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

J.R. WILLIAMS 5-19

OUR BOARDING HOUSE with ... Major Hoople

EGAD, BAXTER! OBSERVING YOU BREAKING YOUR BACK GRUBBING IN THAT WEED PATCH PAINS ME DEEPLY! I AM CONSTRUCTING A ROBOT THAT WILL MAKE SUCH TOIL CHILD'S PLAY! BUT THEN, SOME OF US ARE BORN TO GO THROUGH LIFE DOING THINGS THE HARD WAY -- HEH-HEH!

SO NOW IT'S A ROBOT! WELL, LET ME KNOW WHEN HE'S FINISHED SO I CAN SHAKE HANDS WITH HIM! IT'LL BE A TREAT TO MEET SOMEBODY ON THAT SIDE OF THE FENCE WITH A HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS, EVEN IF IT IS ONLY TIN!

THAT SOUNDS ALMOST PERSONAL

BUY WAR STAMPS

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Notice

FULLER BRUSHES MAKE IDEAL gifts for graduation. Call or see your Fuller Dealer. Jett Bundy. Phone 138 at 902 South Fulton. 14-6tc

Wanted

FEW HEAD STOCK TO PASTURE Jersey cow and heifer calf for sale. 1 mile north on old 67. John Grulfoyle. 18-3tp

We, the Women

Search Mate's Pockets—At Your Own Risk

By RUTH MILLETT

Go ahead, girls, and search your husband's pockets whenever you like. It's your right. A Chicago judge has just made such a ruling. But maybe it's only fair to tell you that the ruling was made dur-

SIDE GLANCES

THESE WOMEN! by Gregory d'Alema

A CONTRIBUTION TO VICTORY BY AMERICAN SOCIETY OF MAGAZINE CARTOONISTS

"Why, David—are you trying to say you want me to be co-owner on your War Savings Bonds from now on?"

By J. R. Williams

is your privilege as a wife. Remember it, too, when you are tempted to indulge your curiosity in other wifely ways, such as reading your husband's opened mail if it is left lying around, asking, "Who was that, dear?" whenever he receives a telephone call, calling him at the office so frequently through your husband's pockets

In a divorce court. Even though the wife wasn't going beyond her "rights" when she went through her husband's pockets—still her marriage wound up in a divorce court.

It might be a good idea to keep that fact in mind when tempted to take the judge's word that going through your husband's pockets

Wash Tubbs

MORNING! I REGRET TO REPORT, SIR, THAT ONE SOLDIER, CORPORAL KOKOMOTI, IS MISSING SINCE THE OCCUPATION OF THE VILLAGE YESTERDAY

UNDER WHAT CIRCUMSTANCES? IN THE COURSE OF DUTY, SIR. HE FOLLOWED AN UNFRIENDLY NATIVE INTO THE JUNGLE, LATER FOUND SOME BLOOD STAINS WERE FOUND

Popeye

WE GUN IS SHOT, WE ARE IN A ORFUL PERDICKMUNT

I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE SOME SPINACH POPEYE

THANK YA, AUNT JONES

POPEYE!! THEY'RE ONLY SIXTEEN ENEMY SHIPS-- I'LL GET 'EM WRENCH AN' TAKE 'EM APART SPINACH (ALWAYS HELPS YOU)

WILL USE ME MONKEY WRENCH ON THE MONKEYS' SHIPS

Donald Duck

ME GUN IS SHOT, WE ARE IN A ORFUL PERDICKMUNT

I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE SOME SPINACH POPEYE

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Blondie

COME! I'VE CALLED TO THE OFFICE!

THE BUS FOR ME! UNTIL TAKE THEM BACK HOME?

NO!

Boots and Her Buddies

THERE NOW--HE CAN'T EAT ANOTHER BITE

STAND BACK, MEN

THERE HE GOES--SH! LET'S BE QUIET--HE'S NOT FOLLOWIN' 'IM--CMON

Red Ryder

SORRY TO HEAR YOU'RE SICK, YOUNG MAN!

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I'M LOOKING FOR SALLY--A LITTLE FRONT OF WINE--SHE'S ABOUT YOUR SIZE, TOO!

Alley Oop

BEFORE I WENT BERSERK ABOUT THAT BLASTED MAGIC BELT, I WAS ALL RIGHT--A RESPECTED MAN OF SCIENCE

YEH... AN EXPERT ON EXPLOSIVES, OR SUMPIN

AN EXPERT! OOP, I WAS TH' WORLD'S BEST... AND I STILL AM!

Freckles and His Friends

PHONE'S RINGING! IF IT'S SOMEBODY ELSE WANTING TO BE DELIVERED SOMEWHERE, I'M NOT HERE!

IT'S YOUR FATHER!

HOW MANY TIRES DID YOU HAVE PILED UP IN THE YARD, FRECKLES?

trying to find out if he really does have his nose close enough to the grindstone to be out of mischief. All of those may be within your wifely rights, but if you demand them you may find that your husband decides that there is one right he is going to insist on: the right of an individual to have a little bit of privacy, even if he is married.

There's not much satisfaction in the pocket-searching right if the fact is established only during a divorce trial.

And that's just about where any marriage would land if a husband and wife both insisted on all their rights.

The Axis Way

HOW MANY FILIPINOS ARE CHAINED TO TELEGRAPH POLES?

THERE ARE NOW FIVE, INCLUDING THE SON OF OLD TITO, THE NUMBER ONE MAN OF THE DISTRICT

WE WILL TEACH THEM A LESSON. GIVE NOTICE THAT ALL FIVE ARE TO BE SHOT TOMORROW MORNING UNLESS THE MISSING TROOPER IS RETURNED SAFELY

Thimble Theater

OSCAR THREW THE WRENCH AT A FISH-- HE'S GOT THE HAMMER NOW

YAS?

THE FISH KEEP SWIMMING PAST-- WHAT IF OSCAR EVER HITS ONE, YER'LL FIND OUT!

Donald Duck

ME GUN IS SHOT, WE ARE IN A ORFUL PERDICKMUNT

I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE SOME SPINACH POPEYE

THANK YA, AUNT JONES

POPEYE!! THEY'RE ONLY SIXTEEN ENEMY SHIPS-- I'LL GET 'EM WRENCH AN' TAKE 'EM APART SPINACH (ALWAYS HELPS YOU)

WILL USE ME MONKEY WRENCH ON THE MONKEYS' SHIPS

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SOCIETY

Daisy Dorothy Heard, Editor

Telephone 768

Social Calendar

Tuesday, May 19th
Mrs. F. O. Wingfield will give Miss Sara Ann Holland, bride-elect, with a dinner-bridge, 7:15 o'clock.

The High School Band Auxiliary will meet at the Hotel Henry, 3:30 o'clock. All members are asked to be present.

Miss Mary Claude Fletcher and Miss Jean Laseter will conduct a food nutrition class for members of the Hope Business and Professional Women's club at the Educational center behind the court house, 6 o'clock. Each member is asked to bring a plate, cup, knife, fork, and spoon.

Mrs. Franklin Horton will be hostess to members of Mrs. Gus Haynes' Sunday School class of the First Baptist church, 7:45 o'clock.

Group No. 1 of the Winsome Sunday School class will entertain other members of the class with an informal supper at the Educational building of the First Baptist church, 7 o'clock.

Wednesday, May 20th
Rehearsal for the bacen-

laureate choir will be held at the First Methodist church, 8 o'clock. A full attendance is urged.

Friday, May 22nd
The regular meeting for the members of the Friday Music club will be held at the home of Mrs. Jess Davis, 3:30 o'clock.

Local Girl Weds Soldier
In a quiet ceremony Monday evening, May 18, at 8 o'clock Miss Edith Belle Watson became the bride of Julian E. Wingfield. The Reverend Kenneth L. Spore read the ceremony at the First Methodist church parsonage. Miss Irma Lee Robison and Delbert Caldwell were the only attendants. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Watson of Hope. Mr. Wingfield, the son of Mrs. G. B. Chisholm of Pine Bluff is now stationed at Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo.

Personal Mention

Mrs. Henry Hicks, Mrs. H. C. Whitworth, Mrs. Frank Kirk, Miss Hattie Anne Field, Ben Norwood, Mrs. Herbert Byers, Mr. and Mrs. George Ware, Miss Nannie Perkins, Dr. P. B. Carrigan, and little Miss Nanette Williams were among the Hope people seeing the horse show at Parks plantation in Texarkana during the week-end.

Mrs. Orie Gilbert of Pine Bluff visited relatives and friends in the city during the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Dale Wilson have returned from Cushing, Okla., where they were guests of Mrs. Wilson's brother, Herman Herring, and Mrs. Herring. They were accompanied on the motor trip by Mrs. J. A. Henry, who visited the Tully Henslys in Cushing.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Houston had as week-end guests Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Houston of Mt. Vernon, Ill., and Mrs. Delton Houston and young son of Emmet.

Mrs. J. L. White is a Tuesday visitor to Texarkana.

Milton Crews of Hope, who is now stationed in San Diego, Calif., has been promoted to the rank of sergeant in the Naval Air Corps.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Thomas, who have made their home in the city at the Strickland apartments, are leaving this week for their new home in Texarkana.

Milton Horton left Tuesday for his home in Dallas after an extended stay in the city.

Miss Wanda Lane, who is among the recent graduates of Magnolia A. and M. college, is home for the summer vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Lane.

Wallace Van Sickle, Tom Cook, and J. D. Copeland have arrived in the city from Magnolia A. and M., where they completed their Junior college work.

Library Notes

Many good books are now on the shelves of the Fulton library. Among the adult books are: "Civil Air Defense," by Prentiss. The author describes the various services that must be provided for the protection of the public and tells how to protect both industrial establishments and homes against air raids.

Hitler's "My New Order," is a collection of Hitler's speeches beginning with his rise to power during the world depression and ending with his declaration of war on Russia and finally on the road to world war and world conquest. "Where Stands a Winged Sentry," by Kennedy, and "Stalin," a biography by Lyons.

Among the juvenile books are: "New Testament Stories" by Faris.

MOROLINEO
PERFECT GROOMING
HAIR TONIC

SAENGER NOW

My Favorite Blonde
MADREINE CARROLL
Wednesday - Thursday

MARLENE DIETRICH
John Randolph
Wayne Scott
in
THE SPOILERS
Rex Beach's lusty saga

TONIGHT
— AND EVERY NIGHT —
PLAY MINATURE GOLF
THE PINES MINATURE GOLF COURSE
NEXT TO HIGH SCHOOL STADIUM
Children 10c
School Age
Adults 15c
— OPEN FROM —
10 A. M. to 11 P. M.

Social Justice and Rev. Smith

By WILLIAM MILLER
NEA Service Correspondent

DETROIT—It was as a "champion" of the poor and oppressed that the Rev. Fr. Charles E. Coughlin first came into national prominence. Today many consider him a champion of the world's foremost oppressor, Adolf Hitler. The transition, almost imperceptible over a period of years, stands out in retrospect as an amazing about-face reached by a train of devious logistics.

Early in the New Deal Father Coughlin was thundering against bankers and money changers, convincing thousands that he was on the side of the "common people" against "the interests." But as time went on he turned upon the New Deal and the very reforms to which he had given lip services. His vituperation reached its climax in the famous instance when he called President Roosevelt a "liar."

Father Coughlin introduced himself to labor by reminding workers of their rights as envisioned by the humane and liberal Pope Leo XIII. As in the case of the New Deal, Father Coughlin veered to the other extreme when labor took him at his word. Finally there came the day when the priest declared that no one could be a Catholic and a member of the CIO.

Archbishop Hits Priest's Charge
His archbishop immediately denounced this view, but Father Coughlin continued his attacks in other quarters. The "international bankers"—a favorite target—had by now become one with the "international Communists" who are "running" the CIO. Both groups, it seemed, were controlled by "Jews."

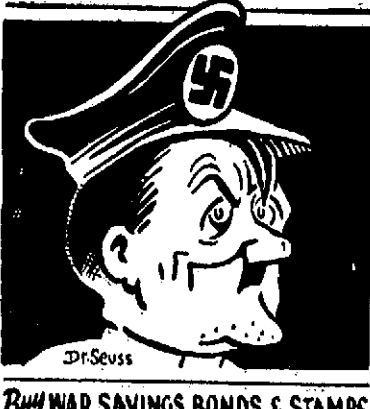
Gradually the Coughlin publication, Social Justice, became openly pro-Nazi, pro-Axis, anti-Semitic, anti-British, anti-American, anti-democratic. "Democracy," stated Social Justice, "is finished."

An attempt to analyze Father Coughlin's social and political philosophy, as expressed in Social Justice toward the end of its days, leads one inevitably to his strange conclusion: "Jews" were running the Administration for the benefit of those bosom companions, Communism and Capitalism. The rich were being made richer so they could start a war and plunge the world into Communism. Only Adolf Hitler was trying to help the underdog. He was killing and imprisoning Jews and Communists so they couldn't start a war. And to make sure that they didn't he went all over Europe creating peace with Stuka dive-bombers.

At the time Social Justice was banned from the mails by Attorney General Biddle the publishers solemnly stated that Father Coughlin, since "severing" his connection with the magazine, had had no hand in its policies.

A few hours before the ban Father Coughlin gave me the equally

INSURE YOUR HOME AGAINST HITLER!



BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS & STAMPS

solemn assurance that he could make no public statement, by order of his archbishop. Six hours later, when the ban was made known, he issued a public statement in which he angrily challenged Mr. Biddle to call him to Washington.

Shortly before Social Justice suspended publication, however, Father Coughlin publicly admitted he had always had full control of the magazine's policies, and accepted all responsibility. This admission left him open to action by Archbishop Edward Mooney, who, though no Coughlin admirer, had been able to do nothing so long as the priest maintained the fiction of having no connection with Social Justice.

Priest Promises to Sever Link

What took place between them has not been revealed. But after suspension of the magazine's publication, the Archbishop issued a statement on May 4 that he had a commitment from Father Coughlin that, from May 1 forward, his severance of direct or indirect connection with the magazine would be "absolute and complete."

"My understanding with him," said Archbishop Mooney, "is sufficiently broad and firm to exclude effectively the recurrence of any such unpleasant situation."

Now that Social Justice is no more, Detroiters are awaiting with interest the outcome of the entire staff's investigation by a Federal Grand Jury in Washington. They feel that if the source of Father Coughlin's income is revealed, the information will be extremely enlightening. Labor leaders have long held that the priest had the support of several leading industrialists during the time he was fighting the Auto Workers' Union. And Archbishop Mooney confirms the story that he once rebuffed a leading motor magnate who congratulated him on Father Coughlin's work.

New Magazine More Subtle

It may be more than coincidence that, a week before Social Justice was banned from the mails, Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith's publication, "The Cross and the Flag," made its first appearance. Many believe that Smith will take up the spread of American disunity and distrust

Tommy Tucker, Essex House

NEW YORK — It was Tommy Tucker time at the Essex House; so I dropped around for a chat with the North Dakota representative of the Tucker tribe. The boys were in the midst of a short-wave broadcast to Brazil when I got there, but the crowd kept right on dancing. Among the numbers Tommy's band played for the Braz-

ilians was "I Threw a Kiss in the Ocean," and as it was wafted over the ocean it must have sounded the same song does to you on Tommy Tucker's recording.

The voices in this recording seem to be coming from across the water. They had a lot of trouble making it sound like that. First they took one mike into another room and let the voices sing from there. It didn't work. Next they put a paddlewheel in a tub of water. That didn't sound too good. The engineer finally ran the wires into the attic and back again several times. It lent the enchantment of watery distance when the voices came in. That's what Tommy Tucker wanted.

Tommy Tucker himself is from Souris, N. D. Population 248. He's a Phi Beta Kappa. In college he never played with a college band, but while an undergraduate he did play piano with professional bands. That helped pay his way through the U. of N. D.

Although he was born in North Dakota, he went to North Carolina to find a wife. She was Virginia Dare Miller. When they're in New York they keep an apartment. And

Smith is a robust, barrel-chested man, with a course but not unhand-some countenance. He's a Huey Long disciple, a leather-jungled, spellbinding orator, capable of Father Coughlin's frenzied zeal but inclined to be more shrewd and cagey than the priest.

Typical of his methods was one used in Louisiana after Huey Long's death. Planting a man in a tree, with a phonograph and a record of Long's voice, Smith told the bayou crackers, "If only Huey Long could speak to us now." Lifting his face to the trees, he cried: "Huey, speak to us." And the man hidden in the tree turned on the phonograph, while the crowd shivered in wonder and awe.

Smith Combines 3 Big Groups
When Smith formed his "Com-mitted of One Million" in 1936 he described it as embracing "the best features of Long's Share-the-Wealth plan, Coughlin's economic and the Townsend Plan." And though he has denied belonging to the Silver Shirt Brigade of William Dudley Pelley (who is now awaiting trial for sedition) no less an authority than H. E. Martin, executive director of Pelley Publishers, says he did.

"What is your present program?" I asked Smith.
"We've got to win this war," he said, "but there would be no good in winning it if it meant Communism in this country. We mustn't let the war cause us to lose sight of the necessity of driving the Reds out of Washington. Neither should we permit the New Deal to turn this country over to Russia. I'm for preserving the Declaration of Independence."

CARIBBEAN CRISIS

By EATON K. GOLDTHWAITE

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THE STORY—Four visitors arrive at a Dutch West Indian island to complicate the life of Bill Talcott, who has been there for six years as branch manager for an American chemical firm. They are Halsey, Bill's successor; a native, who immediately accuses him of a large shortage in his account; MacDowell, a detective brought to take Bill back to the States; and June Paterson, beautiful, and June Paterson, beautiful. On their first night on the island Halsey and June are molested by natives during a walk from the dock and the night of a mysterious schooner.

20th CENTURY PIRATE

CHAPTER VII
JUNE PATERSON moved feverishly; slipped into the plum-colored slacks, threw on a blouse and jacket, whipped a tri-cornered bandana about her tousled hair. With more speed than judgment she packed her overnight case, groping in the darkness for the things that were nearest to hand. Her trunk, she decided, could wait. The least that Bill Talcott could do for her would be to see that it followed her home.

Her sole thought was of escape from Abas, from the horrible heat and odor, from the grim, silent intrigue that had settled on the place, turning them all into taciturn, suspicious strangers. There was a boat of some kind attempting to land at the pier now. It was in all probability a government boat; from what June Paterson had seen on her brief stay, had gathered from the words of Leonard Halsey, the law would soon come to Abas, and thus she thought this gray, close-crushing schooner must be its conveyance. She had no idea as to whether the boat was Dutch or American; where it was going or whether it had come. She knew only that she wanted to get away, to breathe clean air again and forget the horrible memories of the past few hours. Resolutely she seized her bag and with never a backward glance slipped through the darkened house into the nether dawn.

Distant stars showed dispiritedly through blanketing clouds; the thin moon had set and the dark path was treacherous beneath her feet. Blindly she stumbled down the hill, shaking off unseen fingers of verdant growth that pawed in silent challenge at her passage. She was very near hysteria when a rise of ground brought her to the cleared slope and she saw the lights of the pier. In the deep shadow of a frangipani tree she collided head on with a standing figure. It was MacDowell, and when he had

picked himself up and got some of his wind back he grunted, "Miss Paterson! I almost shot you! What in Pete's name is going on down there?"

She glared, more in shock than anger. "Why don't you investigate?" she blazed. "You have a pistol. Are you afraid?"

MacDowell grunted, "I ain't afraid, Miss. But I got a wife and two kids back in New York, and that gang on th' dock is makin' a little too free with knives. They—"

Another form came hurtling down the slope and Halsey, pyjamas showing beneath a robe, skidded to a halt. "I heard a shot," he panted. "Are you all right? Have you seen Struthers? He wasn't in his room—What's happening?"

A BOOMING roar engulfed his words; the deep-throated bark of a heavy caliber gun. It ripped through the night, reverberating against the rocky hills, dying with startling suddenness into a void of intense silence.

Halsey's rangy figure stiffened. "This has gone far enough," he snapped. "Miss Paterson, please return to the house. MacDowell, come with me."

But the girl would not return to Bill Talcott's house. No matter what the future might hold in store, she could never go back there. She did not argue; in fact, no word did she utter either in confirmation or denial of the order. But when Halsey and MacDowell began a loping run for the pier she followed, the ridiculous overnight case banging against her knees.

The sight that confronted her when she at last gained the smooth-worn stones of the pier was strange, almost unbelievable. The schooner was long and low to the water and from her sharp nose to her square stern she was a dull and dirty gray. The men who had come from her, some of them, were lined up along the pier like vicious dogs ready to spring, and opposite them in a defensive huddle stood Bill Talcott and Tomas and Sebastian. The little overseer wasn't gesticulating now; he was holding his fingers and his fat, sweating face was grimaced with pain. Three prone figures, sprawled like wash from a broken line, attested to the ferocity of the brief defense.

Talcott was staring levelly, not at the men confronting him, but at the schooner's deck. June Paterson followed his eyes, and saw the reason for the fight's end.

On the cabin roof, seated as calmly as if watching a sunset, was a swarthy villain armed with a shotgun. His black hair was unkempt and fell in a tangle behind his ears; dazzling white teeth opened a gash in his dark face. He wore no shirt and his box-like chest was furry and his long, heavy arms were scrawled with faded designs in tattoo.

"So, Meester Talcott!" the man with the shotgun laughed, swinging his heels gently. "So you want to make trouble, hey? You no like Cap'n Jackson to visit your island, hey?"

"You know I don't like it," Bill Talcott responded. "You and your gang have brought me endless trouble. The poor, frightened people you dump here are penniless and many of them are sick. It gets me in all kinds of jams with the authorities. It endangers the residents of the islands. Now, for the last time, clear out of here!"

The man with the shotgun scowled. "Meester Talcott, you are in no position to dictate terms. I, the worst damn rascal in the Caribbean, make my own terms. So now I 'ave two more for you. One ees a var' lovely woman; I would take her to San Tomas myself but I am too much busy. So you weel take her an' the gentleman. There weel be no trouble—they 'ave papers. Bot w'en you beat up my men, that I do not like. So I theenk one day you an' me will 'ave a var' grand fight, Meester Talcott. Soon, I hope, No?"

"No. And if you have two more people, you keep them. And I advise you to get going before the black men of this island come swarming down that hillside to kill us all."

At his words the dark rogue turned an involuntary glance toward the path, and had not MacDowell spoken then, June Paterson's presence might have gone unnoticed. MacDowell swaggered forward, pistol level in his hand, growling, "Refugee smugglers, hey? Okay. Get goin', and don't leave nobody behind either!"

The muzzle of the shotgun turned. "You want to gamble with these pistol against these?" Jackson grunted. "Damn fool! My feenger var' nervous—" His shoulder raised imperceptibly. June Paterson cried out, but the warning was too late. One of the prone figures raised silently behind MacDowell to bring down a blackjack in a crushing blow against the mustached one's head.

(To Be Continued)

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Germans Seen Going All-Out

By THOMAS M. JOHNSON
NEA Service Military Writer

WASHINGTON—"To win the war this summer, Hitler will throw everything at Russia but the kitchen sink."

That is an expert estimate of the staff of the great Nazi offensive just beginning. That tremendous effort promises to be the dominating news-story of the summer, its end, in victory or defeat, one of the decisive events of world history—and in a very real sense, of American history.

The struggle on the Russian front, more than the dramatic and important events in the Pacific, will determine just what this war is to mean to us in treasure, blood and anguish. For if Hitler crushes Russia, either he must send enormous expeditionary forces to Europe, or he must give up hope of beating Hitler there and keeping the war from our shores.

Long War Is Anticipated

Either way we must face not a relatively short war, but an infinity of affliction; rising taxes, low standards of living, economic dislocation. That is a sober consensus of opinion here of the meaning to America of the battle now beginning.

That the first Nazi blow should fall on South Russia is none the less ominous because expected. Not merely because Hitler, by reaching Baku, would gain oil, but because Stalin would lose it. One good authority estimates South Russian oil is less important to Germany, with her synthetic industry, than to Russia, which gets seventy-five to ninety percent of the fuel for her planes, tanks and tractors from the southern fields. And the road to oil is also the road to Suez and, in turn, to at least closer co-operation, with Japan.

Germans Still Hold Gains

To that fixed objective the road has now dried, although spring muds farther north, as well as the great industrial and railroad centers like Moscow and Leningrad, great shipping centers like Murmansk and Archangel that are funnels for British and American supplies.

All these are nearer the Nazi grasp than Americans realize. The Germans are still three-fourths the way to Moscow, almost in Leningrad. The Russians' spectacular and gallant winter counter-offensive reconquered less than one-fourth the area they had lost during last summer, including none of the localities vital as springboards to the spring drive now launched by the Reichswehr.

American military opinion still considers this the world's most formidable army. It has lost half its technical troops, such as tank and plane crews, now below last year's standard, but it is getting maximum use from them in major operations by using vassal troops such as Rumanians and Italians for mopping up and other easier jobs.

The Russians, on the other hand, are expected to use their own second-line troops in the first line. They have found that the initial twenty-four of the Panzer divisions—twenty-four are said to be involved in the present attack—must be stopped. So characteristically, they shrug their shoulders, say "Nitchew," and let it vent its first fury on second-best troops.

The task of these troops is to sacrifice themselves to slow it down, so that real first-line troops, held back for the purpose, and aided by guerrillas, can counterattack and prevent the armored spearhead from breaking through and encircling them.

Plan May Upset Nazis

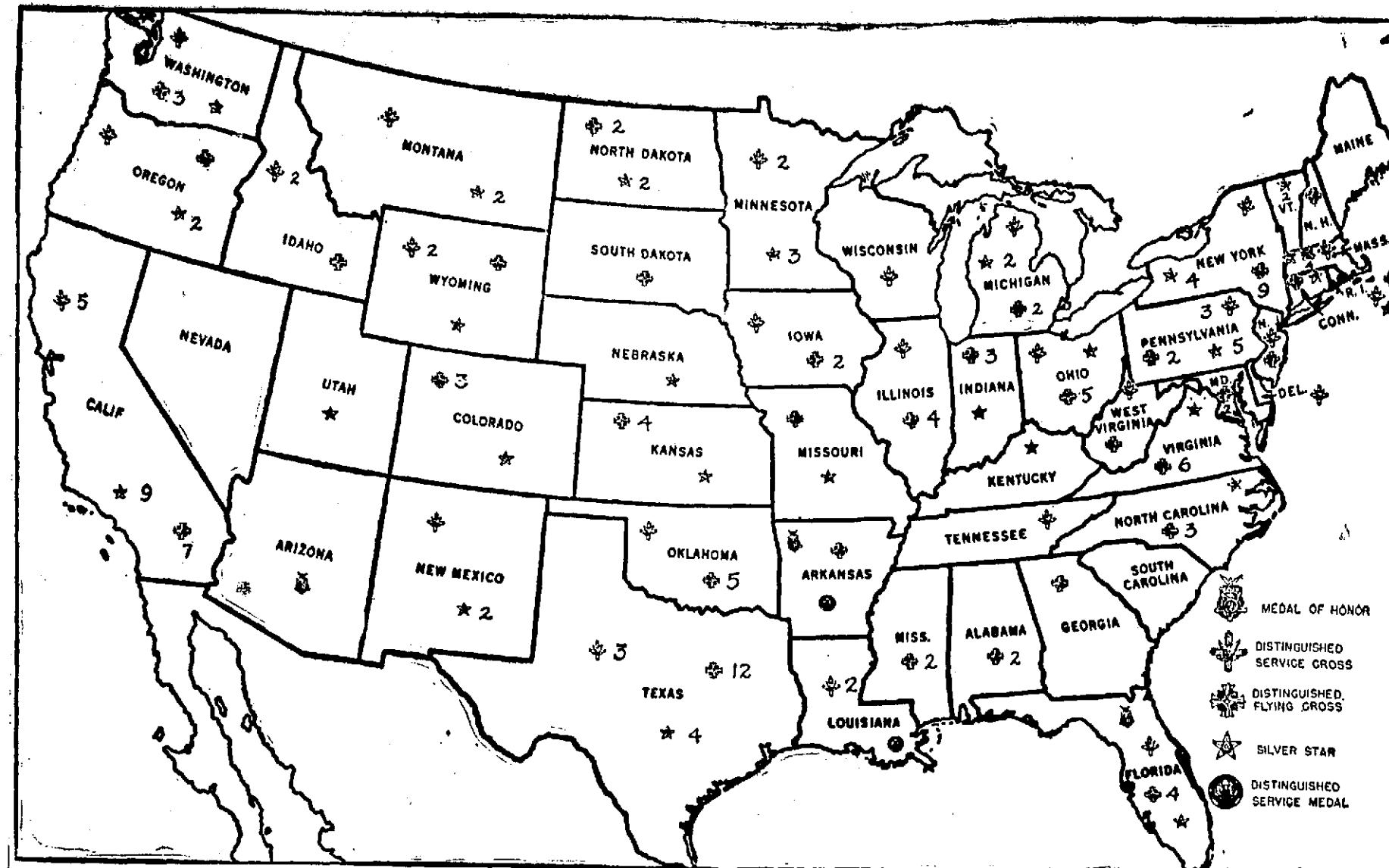
On this refinement of the tactics that proved successful last summer, the Russians pin their hopes of upsetting the Nazis if they use the same tactics as last year. Some authorities believe they will not—that they will spring startling new methods and weapons, including gas. In any case their real objective will be no fixed geographical point—not even oil wells. Capture of these will be secondary to destruction of the Red Army. And the best way to destroy it is to encircle it.

The Russians have the manpower to stand the losses of second-line troops, and the interior lines, especially in the south, to move that manpower about. Can they endure the shock of the first blow, the dread pounding of the second, third, fourth of a whole summer of news? Can they "hold the fort while we are coming?"

I have asked that question of numerous observers, unofficial and official. The unofficial ones, lately returned from Russia, say "yes." Those who are most certain sometimes seem so mainly because the Russians were so certain, yet that speaks volumes for Russian morale.

Official observers are more cautious, but more optimistic than they have been hitherto. None expects

Where 200 U. S. War Honors Have Been Distributed to Heros



PATRIOT'S MAP: PROUD HOME STATES OF 200 AMERICAN HEROES DECORATED SINCE PEARL HARBOR—Six months ago many people unwittingly cheered Hitler by declaring "American boys are growing soft." Those were the days when "Defense" was a big word. The map of the United States meanwhile has a new significance. Since December 7 more than 200 soldiers of the United States Army from all parts of the country have been decorated for valor, conspicuous gallantry in action and distinguished service. For instance, Florida boasts among her heroic sons one who was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor; another, the Distinguished Service Cross, and still another, the Silver Star, and four won the Distinguished Flying Cross. The list is not complete because the home addresses of many of these brave men are not yet available, and those heroes living in Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines are not included. Awards since April 25 are not indicated.

Prescott News

By HELEN HESTERLY Telephone 163

Benjamin Culp Chapter D. A. R. Enjoys Conservation Program

Mrs. Horace McKenzie and Mrs. Eligh DeLaughter entertained the Benjamin Culp Chapter D. A. R. Saturday afternoon at the home of Mrs. McKenzie in Boughton. Artistic arrangements of roses, lilies and magnolia blossoms decorated the spacious living room. Mrs. C. C. Thomas, regent, and Mrs. A. S. Buchanan, chaplain, led the ritual and the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag. Mrs. Thomas presided over the business meeting during which the April minutes were read and the treasurer, Mrs. Niobra Allen, gave a report. Mrs. Thomas, U. S. O. Chairman of Nevada county, announced that books for U. S. O. Centers would be appreciated by the committee and that donations would be received until July 15.

The Conservation Chairman, Mrs. Carl Dalrymple, gave a talk on conservation, stressing the conservation of materials by individuals in aiding the war efforts as the duty of each American. The hostesses served a delicious salad plate and coffee during the social hour. Mrs. Thomas McDaniell, Ft. Worth, Mrs. Harris Langly and Mrs. Edward Bryson were guests.

Civilian Defense Program

A sufficient number of people to justify the starting of training courses, have not as yet registered for Civilian Defense. The public is urged to register for volunteer service in order that training courses may be undertaken at the earliest possible moment. The Prescott Civilian Defense office is located in the space formerly occupied by the Buchanan Drug Store. The office has been opened for three weeks and a number of people have registered, but not enough to start the training courses.

Bob Hill's Residence Damaged

The residence of Bob Hill, on West Main, was damaged slightly Sunday night by lightning. The lightning seemed to come in through a clothes line by the house.

Society

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hesterly and son, Ohio, and Mrs. E. W. Reiff spent Sunday in Pine Bluff with Mr. Reiff.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Fore and son Pat, Mrs. Sidney Parker Davis and sons Sidney Parker Jr., and Johnny Whit, were the guests of Mrs. Tom Ross Young in Mulvren Sunday. Mrs. Young, nee Ruth Carrington, left Monday morning for an extended visit to San Diego, California, where Mr. Young is stationed with the United States

Russia's Success Important

However bloody those heads might be, with the winter to recuperate, next year there would still be a Red Army. This army, supported by the industries built up in the Urals or moved there, might at most be capable of an offensive in co-operation with British and Americans, or, at least be able to down strong German forces.

And by that time we would have ships and supplies and in something approaching plenty; we'd have men, too, if need be. And though the war might go on for another year or two, it would have been won—won in the battles that are beginning today.

Navy at Camp Paul Jones

Miss Carrie Mae Huskey is spending this week in Texarkana visiting her sister, Mrs. Jim Black and Mr. Black.

Dr. E. E. Warmack of Waldo Was the Week-end Guest of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Waters

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. De Lamar accompanied by Mrs. J. O. Buckley of Arkadelphia were Monday visitors in Texarkana.

Mrs. Charles Thompsons Left Last Week to Spend a Few Days in St. Joseph, Missouri, where she attended the wedding of her niece, Miss Corrie Conkling to Ensign J. W. Province. The wedding was solemnized Saturday.

Calendar

Wednesday, May 20th
Th Board of Deacons of the First Presbyterian church will meet at the church, 7:30 p. m.

The Scoreboard

By HARRY GRAYSON
NEA Service Sports Editor

NEW YORK—Thirty years ago Honus Wagner, then the No. 1 star of the National League, visited a little boy who was suffering in a hospital from paralysis. The little boy's name was Jimmy McGill. The greatest all-around ball player of all time autographed a baseball for him.

The little boy recovered, grew up, became a professor at the University of Rochester, then president of the city's Board of Education. He passed away about a month ago, aged 42.

The Friendship that started in 1912 between the famous Honus Wagner and the little boy in the hospital was a lasting one.

They're going to put up a memorial to Dr. McGill.

Honus Wagner's autograph on a baseball helped the boy get well.

His autograph on a check has helped the boy being collected to immortalize Dr. McGill's useful life and public service as an educator.

Bill McKechie again walked the streets and sat up late in the park following the Giant's 10-run outburst—eight runs after two were out—against the Reds the other afternoon.

"You go crazy trying to figure this game," says the veteran manager of the Cincinnati.

Here's sawed-off Danny Murrin, taught of the Phillies leading the league and fellows like Dolph Camilli and Arky Vaughan of the Dodgers battling around .230.

Some trace Elmer Riddle's difficulties to second year trouble. The young man who won 19 last season and had an earned run average of 2.24 has been kayeod five times already. The one decision he holds was a 6-5 squeeze against the poor Phillies.

There have been a lot of pitchers like that," points out Johnny Allen of the Brooklyn. "Every thing goes along smoothly for them. They get everybody out without knowing how they did it. Then the following year when they get pasted, they go to pieces."

McKechie says this is not true in Elmer Riddle's case. The Dean puts the finger on the Georgian's head.

"It's lack of control," explains McKechie. "When he wants to keep the ball low, he throws it high. When he wants it high, it's low, so he's pitching to strength instead of weakness."

McKechie insists that the Red-

N.Y.U. Captains Join U. S. Armed Forces

By NEA Service

NEW YORK—Latest toll on the New York University "captains in uniform" brigade shows six Volunteers in service. Baseball captain Ed Vecchio and track captain Stanford Braun are the latest to leave. They are in the Navy's physical training division at Norfolk, Va. Earlier in the year, N. Y. U. lost Ralph Kaplowitz, basketball captain-elect; Morty Lazar, basketball captain; Darwin Bruce, cross-country captain, and Ralph Spanjer, wrestling captain.

No Humor Among Umpires — Frisch

By NEA Service

NEW YORK—Frank Frisch, president of the S.P.C.U. (society for the prevention of cruelty to umpires), claims his beloved arbiters have no sense of humor.

In a recent game with the New York Giants the Pittsburgh manager was given his third heave-ho of the season when he tangled with Umpire Beans Reardon.

"All I said," complains the Fordham Flash with a hurt look, "is that umpires have no sense of humor."

Proving Ground

(Continued from Page One)

provided we had three or four available places of approximately 160 acres each which could be used for auxiliary fields. He stated that there were a number like this where they could send these students from the mail field to these auxiliary fields to practice landing and take-offs.

"He seemed highly pleased to find out that we had ample water, which the city could supply with an 8-inch main from the compress main, and was pleased to find out that we had ample power and that we also had an accessible road to our airport land. Of course, he asked numerous questions as to the prevailing winds, southwest to northeast, which were good; the annual rainfall, 56.1 inches, which was not excessive; elevation 356 feet, and numerous things which we tried to answer and which to him appeared satisfactory."

Our Daily Bread

(Continued from Page One)

evenly over the country.

After all contemplated improvements have been made, the eastern seaboard still will be more than 350,000 barrels a day short of the minimum necessary for war and essential civilian use.

One of the methods by which it is proposed that the supply be spread is by diverting tank cars from the long Texas-to-Atlantic run, and using them to bring gasoline from Chicago refineries. This would reduce the amount available in the midwestern area of course.

However the problem is solved, one warning to the east and one promise to the west appear justified. By the time such relief becomes available, it will be no particular use to eastern civilians for pleasure driving. The three gallons a week now allotted to them is coming, apparently, out of reserves. Any additions taken from other sections for use of the Atlantic seaboard will hardly be enough to increase this allowance.

legs' pitching will be all right. The Cincinnati club needs hitting, but Bill McKechie is used to that ailment.

He hasn't had any in years—in either Boston or Cincinnati.

Edson in Washington

Some Congressmen Call This Economy

WASHINGTON — If there was anything more substantial to psychoanalysis than to a politician's speech, it might be interesting to psyche a few congressional minds.

These nasty thoughts are inspired by the recent actions of the congressional appropriation committees in considering war emergency funds for the U. S. Conciliation Service. This is the department of government which seeks to bring about peaceful settlements of disputes between employers and employees. In other words, the Conciliation Service tries to prevent strikes by settling management-labor scraps before they reach the slowdown, walkout, lockout, picket line and assorted violence stage.

No one has ever questioned the motives of the Conciliation Service and this is practically the only thing in the Department of Labor with which no one ever finds fault.

The Conciliation Service operators have been busier than bird dogs at a field trial. Working conditions have been changing frantically as the industrial machinery has been shifted from civilian to war production. Changes in working conditions lead to disputes by the hundred. Pressure is on labor and management, everything is unfamiliar, workers and bosses are green, nerves are raw, tempers are short and flareups inevitable.

Likewise, the need for conciliation increases under no-strike agreements now in effect, rather than decreases. The need for settling disputes promptly becomes more important, to keep them from growing into outlaws strikes.

Mountain of Disputes

On May 1, for example, there were on record in the office of the Director of the Conciliation Service, Dr. John R. Steelman, only five strikes involving 351 workers, affecting war production. At the same time, however, there were 1200 disputes on record, each calling for the services of a conciliator.

To handle these fights, Director Steelman has available about 120 conciliators—men trained in labor relations and experienced in getting both sides together to sit down and talk out their differences. This means that each of his 120 mediators had an average of 10 fights to umpire. Actually, every man on the staff had from five to 15 cases before him, and all were swamped, working all hours of the day and night, getting one group together, then trying to work on from four to 14 other cases by telephone.

To remedy this situation, to speed up production, Dr. Steelman asked the labor subcommittee of the House Committee on Appropriations for enough money to hire 100 more conciliators—approximately \$228,000. The subcommittee approved. A recommendation for a supplementary appropriation was made to the full committee, to be included as part of the \$19 billion—yes that's \$228,000 increase to a 19-billion-plus-but-billion-dollar Sixth Supplemental Appropriation bill.

When the \$19 billion bill was considered by the full committee, some congressmen took exception to that \$228,000 item for more labor peace-makers. The congressmen can't be named for deliberations of the committee are secret. Anyway, the argument of these statesmen is reported to have run something like this:

Senate Smarter

"Labor disputes? There should not be any. What does Steelman mean by having 1200 labor disputes? He shouldn't have more than 100 at the most."

They cut the \$228,000 down to \$76,000, although they let the \$19 billion go through without much question.

The Senate, be it said, was smarter. They raised the \$76,000 back to \$228,000. The bill went back into conference. But would the house members budge? Not much. Grudgingly they put the amount at \$113,000, half of what the senate approved, but they wouldn't give another dime.

This is what some congressmen call practical economy.

Churchill Warns of Gas Horror

By ED KERR
Written for NEA Service

BERKLEY, Cal. — Poison gas! When Winston Churchill uttered these words in his recent speech, he brought into the open one horror that the civilian world has thus far escaped, and one possibility that most of us have even avoided thinking about.

Now it is a possibility that must be faced. It is reported that Chinese troops have been gassed by the Japs, that the Nazis already have employed poison gas in the Crimea, and are preparing its increased use as it last, desperate, blow - the - belt blow against the Russians. If and when this happens, Churchill has promised retaliation. World-wide use of chemical warfare would almost certainly follow.

And so America, trained and alert to meet the terror of enemy bombings, must now prepare to defend itself against an even more dreaded weapon of indiscriminate attack. Yet the thought of a gas attack need not be the signal for panic, says Dr. Joel Hildebrand, chairman of the University of California's chemistry department.

Dr. Hildebrand speaks with authority, for he was a lieutenant colonel in charge of chemical warfare laboratories near Paris during the World War, and later became commandant at Hanton Field, a training school for gas officers and a chemical research laboratory.

Today Dr. Hildebrand doesn't think there is great probability of gas attacks on American cities. But if such attacks should come, he has prepared a list of "things to do" which everyone should learn and remember.

Seal Doors and Windows

For best protection, he advises, close all doors and windows and shut off any furnace that draws in air from the outside. Seal the cracks around doors and windows "if you are very nervous." Go to the upper floors or to street squads to disinfect it. Breathe through a wet towel—and if this is not sufficient comfort, says Dr. Hildebrand, "put your head under a pillow and pray."

If you should be caught outside, however, and exposed to gas, prompt action is absolutely necessary. The first thing to do is rush into the nearest house, strip off all your clothes and toss them outside, then take a thorough bath with more soap than you ever used in your life. After that get into bed and slay there, for gas sears the throat and lungs, and complete action within 10 minutes will protect in an essential treatment.

Action within 10 minutes will probably prevent most symptoms from developing. If you wait as much as a half hour, the treatment will probably have wait for an effect. So rather than wait for the ambulance or stand in line at an elaborate "degassing" station, dash in and borrow the nearest bath tub.

One Guy Who Doesn't Miss

Wide World Features

College Station, Tex. — The Jap who comes into Frank Robert Chow - Jove's gunshots is a dead pigeon - strictly and irrevocably a dead pigeon, because no one has ever seen Frank Chow-Jove miss anything he aimed at.

Chow, 33 - year - old radioman second class from Stockton, Calif., is a member of a navy contingent studying at Texas A. and M. He also instructs officers and men in pistol and rifle shooting.

Chow can show 'em. In all this world's two billion souls there are only 11 guys ranked ahead of Chow as a pistol shot. If you want to waste a nickel, toss it into the air or Chow and he'll offer proof.

Taught Los Angeles Police

Holder of the national civilian record for 1940 and 1941 Chow has enough medals to make a medium-sized bomber. He stopped counting after 500. He's deadliest with a .45 pistol - he broke the world mark in 1940 - but he's good enough with the rifle to have won national championships in 1937 and again in 1939.

He held a lieutenant's commission in the Los Angeles police force and taught patrolmen how to "ring 'em down with one shot instead of three."

Despite a six - months layoff Chow recently got permission from his commanding officer to compete in an invitational meet at Austin, and, using a strange gun, outshot the best men of the Texas Rangers and highway patrol.

Had Served in Navy

Chow - he dropped the "Jove" because it provoked too much difficulty at roll call - was an amateur radio operator at Los Angeles, operating station W6FLS, and was one of a few Americans of Chinese descent to receive a Federal Communications Commission license.

When the war broke out Chow, who previously had served a hitch in the navy, immediately offered his services as a radioman, and was sworn in shortly after Pearl Harbor.

The Japs, no doubt would prefer that Chow sticks to radio. It might be healthier for them if he calls messages rather than calling his shots.

Made a Difference

Abraham Lincoln won the presidential election of 1860 with a total popular vote of 1,866,452. Wendell Wilkie, in the 1940 election, polled a larger vote than this in three separate states, yet lost each of them.

Harrison in Hollywood

By PAUL HARRISON
NEA Service Correspondent

Items of Interest

HOLLYWOOD—Hollywood news and personals, exclusive to this paper:

Big Crosby is figuring on a new business venture. He wants to bring his race horses from his Del Mar place and start a livery stable here.

Adolphe Menjou, who lives east of town, drove in Monday and bought a new suit of clothes without cuffs on the pants and went to the picture show.

Ida Lupino is still on the ailing list, but her many friends will be glad to know she is getting better right along. Her job at the Warner Brothers film cannery factory is being held for her.

The Hollywood Thursday Evening Young People's Elbow Bending and Literary Society met at Lann Turner's house. The guest of honor was Robert Benchley, who gave a stereopticon show and lecture on "Cocci B. DeMille and His Place in the Modern Bath-tub. Tasty refreshments were served.

Allalfa, oats, dairy feed and hatching eggs for sale. Also kittens to give away. Phone 75 ring 2, or call at the Harry Warner place.—Adv.

Hank Improves

His many friends will be glad to hear that the splint has been taken off Henry Fonda's finger which was mangled in the fan belt of his tractor. Doc Branch says he was afraid for a while that Henry would lose the finger. Bob Taylor has been helping with the chores at the Fonda place.

Jane Wyman gave Ronnie Reagan a surprise party before he left for the Army Jack Benny, Bob Taylor, Zeppo Marx and their wives were guests. Games were played and nice refreshments were served.

Sheep dogs, antiques, rose cuttings, live bait, carpenter work, tourists accommodated at the Edward Everett Horton place. Drive out Route 3 from Encino or phone 78 ring 2.—Adv.

Lionel Barrymore is missed by the boys around Schwab's Drug Store these nights. Mr. B. is staying home because he says with weather forecasting a military seal he don't dare talk to anybody about his rheumatism.

Shoot-Shooting Match

Next Sunday, if clear, there will be a hog-calling contest and barbecue at Bob Burns' place in the San Fernando Valley. A new entry this year will be Oliver Hardy, who just bought six pigs off Joel McCrea. McCrea also sold a cow to Don Ameche.

Building plans of quite a few people here were stopped by the government order on materials. One of the last houses completed belongs to Merrill Blosser, the artist who draws "Freckles and His Friends" for this newspaper. Blosser has a real farm home on his new place east of town, and he would like it known that he is busy with his spring planting and doesn't want to be bothered with lightning rod salesmen.

is than do other soldiers, and relatively fewer cases of blindness or brain fever.

Dr. Hildebrand also draws on his knowledge of gas warfare to advance probable reasons why gas has not been used extensively in the present war. Gas doesn't fit in with "blitzkrieg" tactics. An army doesn't use the persistent gases on land it wishes to occupy. Gas bombs dropped on cities would not be nearly as effective as explosives or incendiaries.

Poison Gas Easy to Combat

In addition, neither side would wish to start gas warfare without the assurance that it could retain superiority against retaliatory attacks. That seems a doubtful assumption for either side, though it appears that Germany now has more gas on hand, while the United Nations have the advantage of better scientific brains, better manufacturing facilities and a growing air superiority in a "gas-for-gas" campaign.

Dr. Hildebrand does not minimize the danger of gas warfare, but he feels its greatest threat is not counted in casualties, but in its ability to spread panic in an uneducated population, no matter how brave. It is, he says, the easiest of all weapons to combat with calm preparation and common sense.

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